WOW
COMICS
A Fawcett Publication
SEPTEMBER
10¢
NO. 58
IN
THIS ISSUE:
"THE CURSE
OF THE KEYS!"
Starring
The world's mightiest girl,
MARY MARVEL
Also—COMMANDO YANK, SCARLET
and PINKY, PHANTOM EAGLE

. . . really cooking when he made these snaps, wasn't he?

Everybody goes for snapshots—and no fooling. That's because folks like to see themselves as others snap 'em . . . like to see pictures of fun and friends . . . of favorite spots and far-off places.

It's no trick at all to make the pictures that rate so high with the crowd. Just load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film, take aim, and "click" it's a snap! With Verichrome, there's no guesswork. You press the button – it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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MASTER COMICS

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BEWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS

CBS PAL'S PUPPETOONS

HOPPY THE MARVEL BUNNY

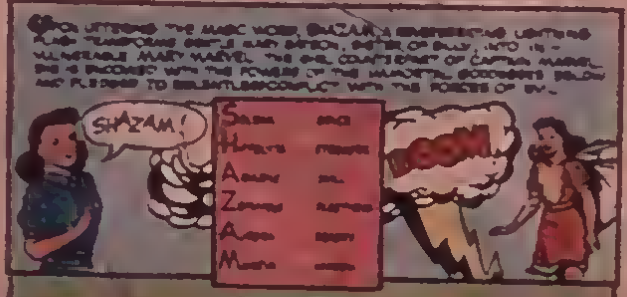
CAPT. MIDNIGHT

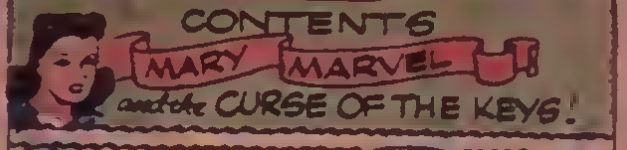
MARY MARVEL

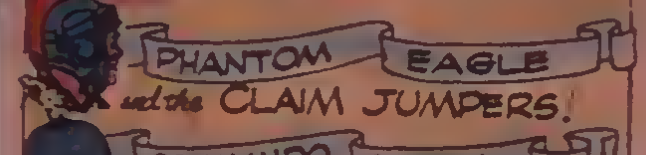
TEENA THE JUNGLE GIRL

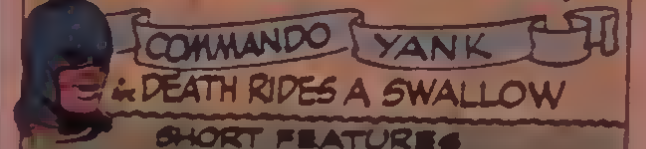
HOPALONG CASSIDY

WOW COMICS









SHORT FEATURES

BOYSCOUT BOB • RICHARD RICHARD •
MUSCLE HEDD • PENNY GRAVES SHORT STORY

September 1947 Vol. 10, No. 10

WOW COMICS is published monthly by ... at ... Subscription rate for 12 issues ... In the U. S. A. possessions and Canada ...

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MARY MARVEL
The World's Mightiest Girl!
AND THE
CURSE OF
THE KEYS
FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGIST PROFESSOR ARTHUR ROSEWOOD RETURNS FROM EGYPT AFTER A SUCCESSFUL EXCAVATION
YES, I FOUND A NEW TOMB OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PHARAOH. I BROUGHT BACK THE MUMMIES AND A FEW RELICS!
WITH THE PROFESSOR ARE TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES OF THE MUSEUM.
BUT WHY HAVE YOU CALLED US IN, PROFESSOR ROSEWOOD?
BECAUSE I FOUND SOMETHING ELSE -- THESE THREE STRANGE IVORY KEYS.

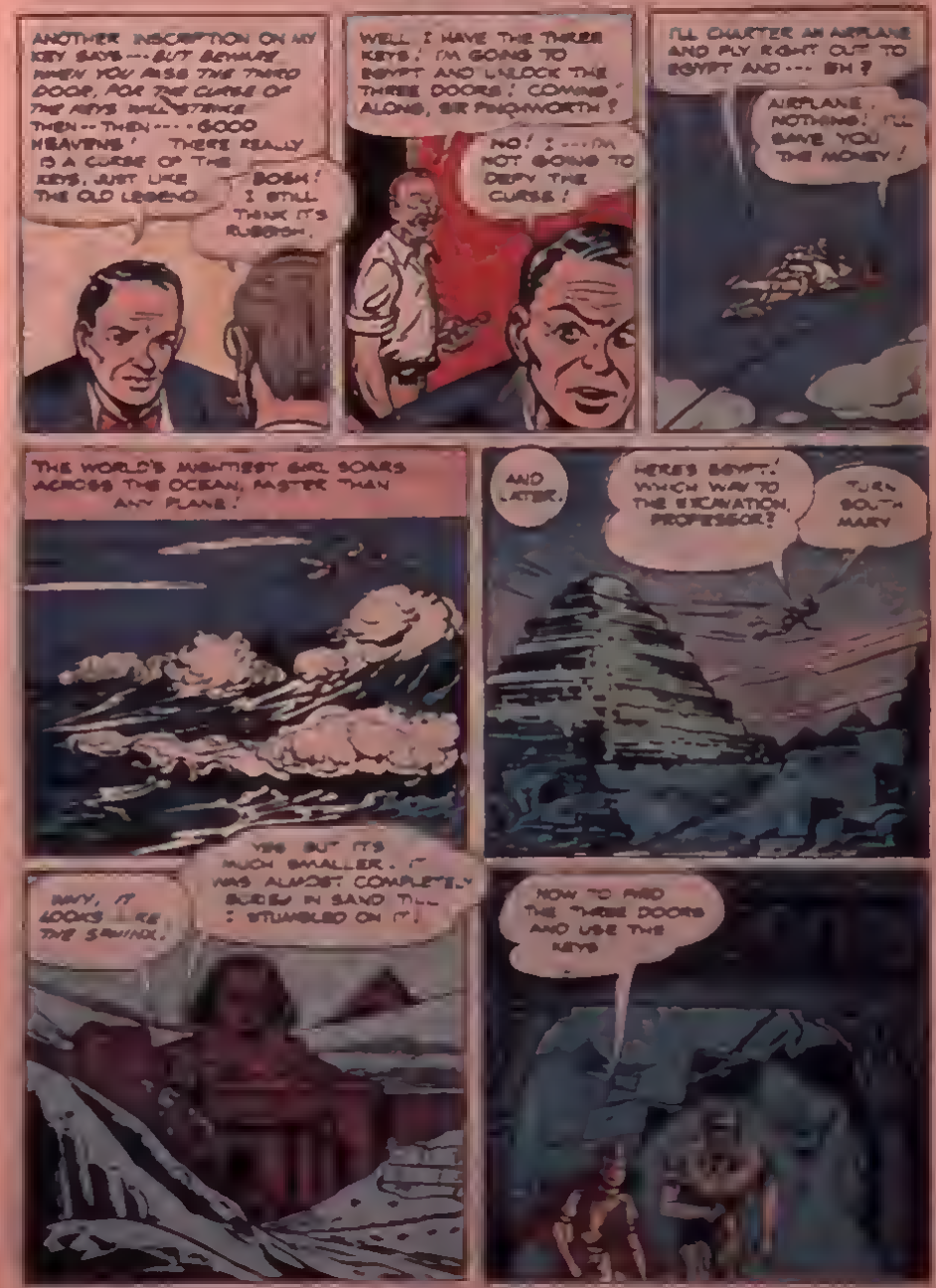
NOTICE THAT THE KEYS HAVE INSCRIPTIONS ON THEM! I HAVENT BEEN ABLE TO DECIPHER THEM, BECAUSE THEY ARE OF THE ANCIENT SECOND DYNASTY! I NEED YOUR HELP TO TRANSLATE THESE INSCRIPTIONS!
ONE FOR YOU, DR. EGGLESTON! AND ONE FOR YOU, SIR PINKWORTH! BETWEEN THE THREE OF US WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SOLVE THE MESSAGE THEY HOLD! IT MIGHT LEAD US TO SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
THERE IS AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN STORY OF THE.. CURSE OF THE KEYS! I WONDER IF THE KEYS ARE CURSED SOMEHOW...!
OH, COME NOW, SIR PINKWORTH. SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THOSE MOLDY OLD SUPERSTITIONS.
WELL, WE'LL TRY TO HELP YOU, PROFESSOR! WE'LL TAKE OUR KEYS HOME AND WORK ON THE INSCRIPTIONS!
GOOD! CALL ME IF YOU DECIPHER ANYTHING! I'LL BE UP ALL NIGHT!
MARY, I'M GOING TO WORK ALL NIGHT ON MY KEY! YOU CAN GO HOME!
NO, I'LL STAY PROFESSOR MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU TAKE NOTES!
MARY BATSON HAS TAKEN A TEMPORARY JOB AS THE PROFESSOR'S OFFICE AND AS THE NIGHT HOURS PASS...
ANY LUCK YET PROFESSOR?
NO. IT'S UTTERLY BAFFLING! I SUSS THE KEYS HOLD SOME IMPORTANT MESSAGE - - BUT WHAT?
MEAN-WHILE A WEIRD FIGURE RISES AMONG THE MUMMY-CASES

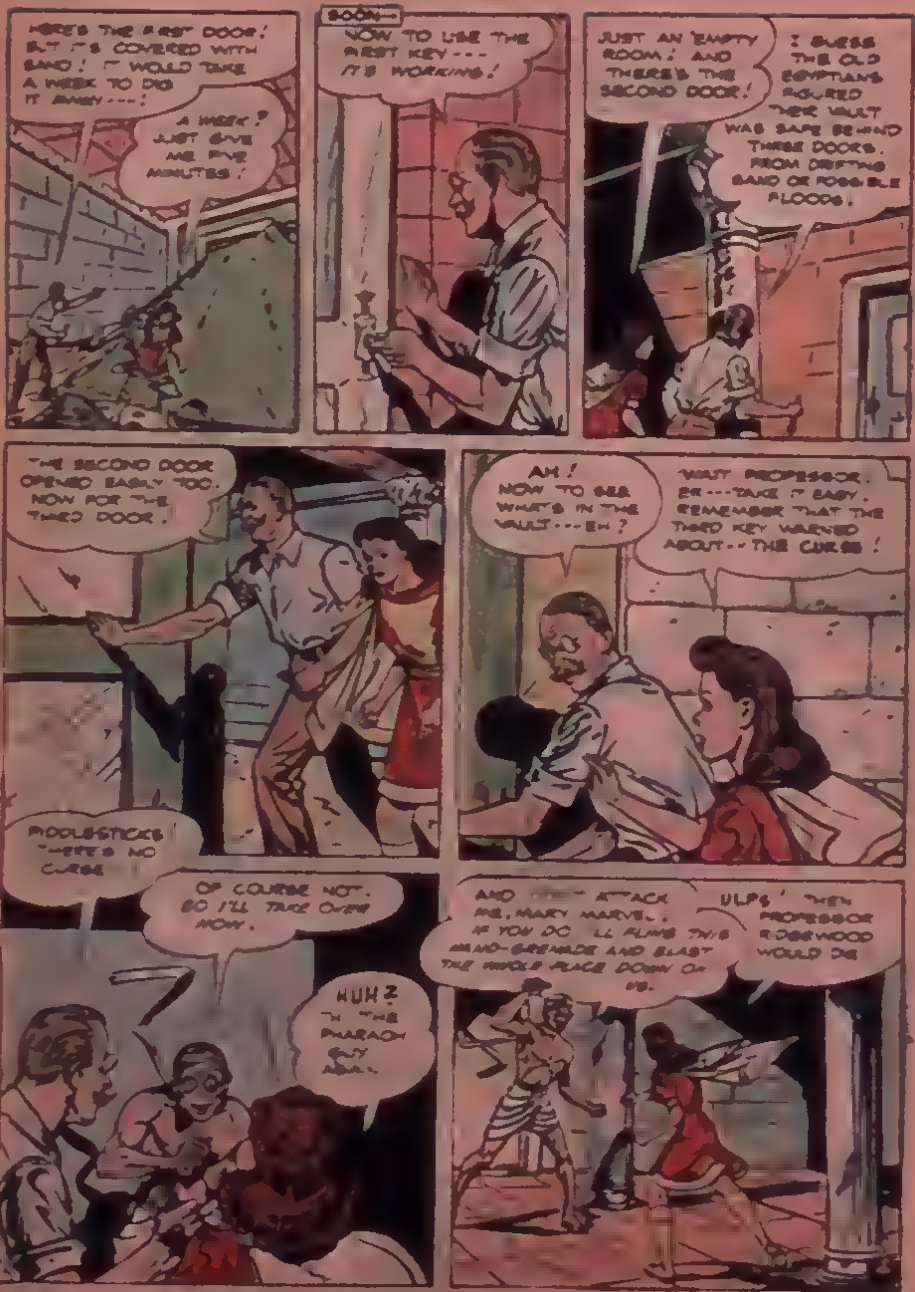
ER---PROFESSOR! DO YOU BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT THE--ER---CURSE OF THE KEYS!
RUBBISH! PURE SUPERSTITIOUS ROT!
DIE THEN, FOOL! FOR THE CURSE OF THE KEYS IS ABOUT TO STRIKE! I AM PHARAOH TUT-OROB!
GASP!
OHHHH!
GOOD HEAVENS! IS IT SOME GHOST--OR SPIRIT---OR WHAT? BUT NO TIME TO WASTE----
SHAZAM!
WHEN MARY BATSON UTTERS THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD, MAGIC LIGHTNING CRASHES DOWN WHICH GIVES HER ALL THE POWERS OF SIX GREAT GODDESSES ROLLED INTO THE FORM OF--MARY MARVEL!
BOOOM!
THE SHAZAM GIRL ATTACKS THE MYSTERIOUS BEING!
IF YOU'RE A GHOST YOU HAVE A MIGHTY SOLID CHIN!
UGG!
WHACK
IDIOT GIRL! YOU WILL TASTE OF MY KNIFE!
SLASH
HAH! THE GIRL IS DEAD AND THE PROFESSOR FAINTED FROM FRIGHT! THE KEY IS NOW MINE!

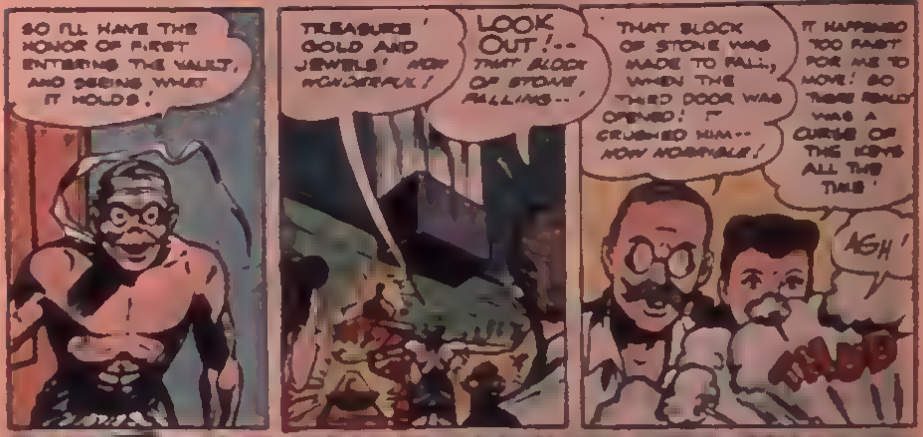
WHAT! YOU ARE ALIVE!
YES! KNIVES DON'T EVEN SCRATCH ME! IT JUST HAPPENED TO STICK IN MY DRESS!
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL DELIVERS ANOTHER POWERFUL BLOW!
WHAM!
YIIIII! I DROPPED THE KEY!
BUT I MUST ESCAPE!
GONE! DID HE VANISH ---LIKE A GHOST? NO, THERE'S AN OPEN WINDOW NO USE SEARCHING FOR HIM IT'S TOO DARK OUTSIDE! BESIDES, I'D BETTER ATTEND TO PROFESSOR ROSEWOOD!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT PROFESSOR?
YES DID HE GET AWAY WITH THE KEY?
NO! BUT HE SEEMED TO WANT THIS KEY BADLY!
AND WHOEVER HE IS, HE'LL BE AFTER THE OTHER KEYS EGGLESTON AND PHOMWORTH ARE IN DANGER TOO.
BUT--ER-- JUST WHO ARE YOU?
I'M MARY MARVEL AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY! WHICH WAY TO DR. EGGLESTON'S HOME!

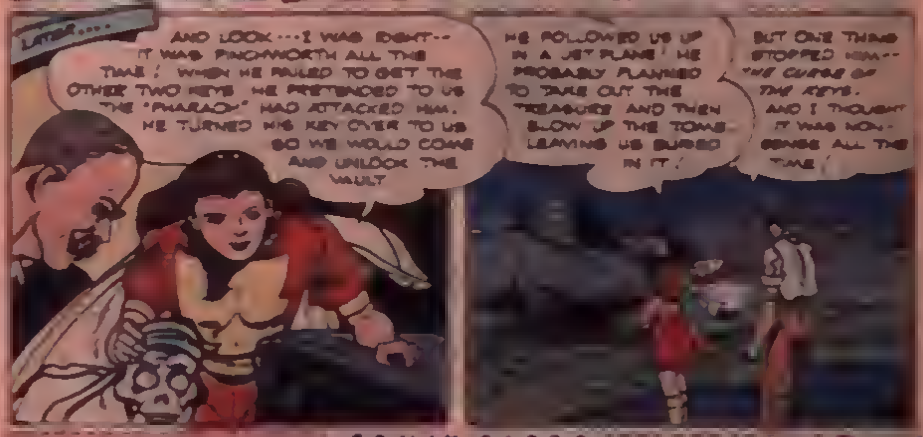
MEANWHILE, AT EGGLESTON'S HOME...
I'VE GOT IT! THE INSCRIPTION ON MY KEY SAYS -- THE SECOND DOOR! IT MUST UNLOCK SOME DOOR UNDER THE EXCAVATION PROFESSOR ROSEWOOD MADE IN EGYPT!
QUITE CORRECT! BUT YOU WILL NEVER UNLOCK THAT DOOR!
GULP!
THE CURSE OF THE KEYS STRIKES AGAIN! HAHHH!
HOLY MOLEY! JUST IN TIME!
MARY MARVEL STRIKES AGAIN, AND I DO MEAN STRIKES!
BLPS!
BLAM!
WE'VE GOT YOU! WHO ARE YOU? I'M SURE YOU'RE NO GHOST OR AVENGING SPIRIT. I'LL UNMASK YOU—
FOOLS! YOU CANNOT HOLD ME! I AM THE PHARAOH TUT-ANKH-AMEN, REINCARNATED CARRYING OUT THE CURSE OF THE KEYS!
OOF!
HEY!
DOGGONE! THE PHARAOH PUSHED PROFESSOR ROSEWOOD IN MY WAY AND IT GAVE HIM TIME TO SLIP OUT INTO THE DARKNESS—
OR EGGLESTON! DO YOU DECIPHER YOUR KEY

YES! IT SAYS--- THE SECOND DOOR! AND LOOK, YOUR KEY SAYS --- THE FIRST DOOR!
FIRST DOOR! SECOND DOOR! THEN THE KEYS MUST LEAD TO SOME SUNKO VAULT, UNDER THE EXCAVATION I MADE!
AND OR PINCHWORTH'S KEY MUST UNLOCK-- -THE THIRD DOOR! MAYBE THE PHARAOH IS AFTER HIM NOW--!
HMM! IF YOU ASK ME, PROFESSOR--- PINCHWORTH IS THE PHARAOH!
WHAT? YOU THINK PINCHWORTH DECIPHERED HIS KEY --REALIZED WHAT IT MEANT---AND THEN TRIED TO GET THE OTHER TWO KEYS!
EXACTLY! WE'LL TRAP PINCHWORTH AT HIS HOME.
GROAN!
SOUNDS LIKE PINCHWORTH-- -in TROUBLE.
DR. PINCHWORTH. WHAT HAPPENED?
STRANGE FIGURE CAME. GASP.. CHOKED ME...LEFT ME FOR DEAD. CALLED HIMSELF THE PHARAOH TUT-DEOG!
YOUR KEY- -IS IT GONE?
NO! LUCKILY, I HID IT BEHIND THE BOOK AND HE DIDN'T FIND IT. THIS KEY SAYS- THE THIRD DOOR.
I GUESS YOU WERE WRONG MARY. PINCHWORTH IS INNOCENT.
BUT WHO WAS THE PHARAOH?
LOOK!


ANOTHER INSCRIPTION ON MY KEY SAYS — BUT BEWARE WHEN YOU RISE THE THIRD DOOR, FOR THE CURSE OF THE KEYS WILL STRIKE THEN — THEN — — GOOD HEAVENS! THERE REALLY IS A CURSE OF THE KEYS, JUST LIKE THE OLD LEGEND.
BOSH! I STILL THINK IT'S RUBBISH.
WELL, I HAVE THE THREE KEYS! I'M GOING TO EGYPT AND UNLOCK THE THREE DOORS! COMING ALONG, SIR PAINSWORTH?
NO! I — I'M NOT GOING TO DEFY THE CURSE!
I'LL CHARTER AN AIRPLANE AND FLY RIGHT OUT TO EGYPT AND — EH?
AIRPLANE, NOTHING! I'LL SAVE YOU THE MONEY!
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL SOARS ACROSS THE OCEAN, FASTER THAN ANY PLANE!
AND LATER.
HERE'S EGYPT! WHICH WAY TO THE EXCAVATION, PROFESSOR?
TURN SOUTH MARY
WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE THE SPHINX.
YES BUT IT'S MUCH SMALLER. IT WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY BURIED IN SAND TILL I STUMBLED ON IT!
NOW TO FIND THE THREE DOORS AND USE THE KEYS


HERE'S THE FIRST DOOR! BUT IT'S COVERED WITH SAND! IT WOULD TAKE A WEEK TO DIG IT AWAY---!
A WEEK? JUST GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES!
SOON--
NOW TO USE THE FIRST KEY--- IT'S WORKING!
JUST AN EMPTY ROOM! AND THERE'S THE SECOND DOOR!
I GUESS THE OLD EGYPTIANS FIGURED THEIR VAULT WAS SAFE BEHIND THREE DOORS. FROM DRIFTING SAND OR POSSIBLE FLOODS.
THE SECOND DOOR OPENED EASILY TOO. NOW FOR THE THIRD DOOR!
AH! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE VAULT---EH?
WAIT PROFESSOR. ER---TAKE IT EASY. REMEMBER THAT THE THIRD KEY WARNED ABOUT--THE CURSE!
PIDDLESTICKS! THERE'S NO CURSE
OF COURSE NOT. SO I'LL TAKE OVER NOW.
HUH? IN THE PHARAOH SAY ABA.
AND ATTACK ME, MARY MARVEL. IF YOU DO I'LL RUN THIS HAND-GRENADE AND BLAST THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN ON US.
ULP! THEN PROFESSOR ROBERWOOD WOULD DIE


SO I'LL HAVE THE HONOR OF FIRST ENTERING THE VAULT, AND SEEING WHAT IT HOLDS!
TREASURES! GOLD AND JEWELS! HOW WONDERFUL!
LOOK OUT!-- THAT BLOCK OF STONE! FALLING--!
THAT BLOCK OF STONE WAS MADE TO FALL, WHEN THE THIRD DOOR WAS OPENED! IT CRUSHED HIM-- HOW HORRIBLE!
IT HAPPENED TOO FAST FOR ME TO MOVE! SO THERE REALLY WAS A CURSE OF THE KEYS ALL THE TIME!
AGH!
THUD


LATER....
AND LOOK---I WAS RIGHT-- IT WAS PINCHWORTH ALL THE TIME! WHEN HE FAILED TO GET THE OTHER TWO KEYS HE PRETENDED TO US THE 'PHARAOH' HAD ATTACKED HIM. HE TURNED HIS KEY OVER TO US SO WE WOULD COME AND UNLOCK THE VAULT
HE FOLLOWED US UP IN A JET PLANE! HE PROBABLY PLANNED TO TAKE OUT THE TREASURES AND THEN BLOW UP THE TOMB LEAVING US BURIED IN IT!
BUT ONE THING STOPPED HIM-- THE CURSE OF THE KEYS. AND I THOUGHT IT WAS NON-- SENSE ALL THE TIME!

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IN
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AND
CAPT. MARVEL JR.
AND
THE MARVEL FAMILY
EVERY MONTH!

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Sibby SISTI

1946 CHOICE OF SPORTING NEWS AS THE MINOR LEAGUES' "PLAYER OF THE YEAR" — NOW PLAYING WITH THE BOSTON BRAVES

SIBBY TOPPED THE INDIANAPOLIS [illegible]NS—AND THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION—IN BATTING HE HIT A ROBUST .343. .LED THE LEAGUE IN HITS AND TR[illegible]PLES... WAS SECOND [illegible] DOUBLES AND TOTAL BASES

TWICE DURING 1946. SISTI [illegible]T IN 16 STRAIGHT GAMES. ANOTHER TIME HE RAN UP A 19 GAME HITTING STREAK

I'M SURE OF A HIT TODAY

HAD MY WHEATIES THIS MORNING!

WHEATIES

"I LIKE A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND [illegible]EALS TO START MY BREAKFAST," SAYS SIBBY SISTI. "WHEATIES ARE LIGHT [illegible] FLAVORFUL YET THEY HAND YOU GOOD NOURISHMENT. WHEATIES, BREAKFAST OF AM[illegible]NS." GET A PLACE ON MY BREAKFAST TABLE NEARLY EVERY MORNING"

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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MUSCLE HEDD
RECOGNIZABLE
HEY, MUSCLE HEDD. WHEN IS YOUR FIGHT TAKING PLACE?
ASK MY MANAGER
NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT AND DON'T MISS IT! MUSCLE HEDD IS FIGHTING BATTLING BUSTER, THE KNOCKOUT SPECIALIST
SAY MANAGER, I WANT YOU TO GET ME A BRIGHT PAIR OF TROUSERS SO THE SPECTATORS WILL BE ABLE TO TELL ME APART FROM BATTLING BUSTER WHEN WE'RE FIGHTING.
DON'T WORRY, THEY WILL BE ABLE TO TELL THE TWO OF YOU APART...
THE ONE SETTING KNOCKED DOWN ALL THE TIME WILL BE YOU!
BOY SCOUT BOB
CARRY ON
OH BOY, THERE'S A CHANCE FOR ME TO DO MY GOOD DEED FOR TODAY
CARRY THAT BAGS VALISE FOR HIM
CARRY THE VALISE MISTER
I DON'T WANT ANY MONEY
DON'T WANT ANY BAGS VALISE
ARE YOU SURE
OF COURSE I'M SURE I DON'T WANT BAGS VALISE
WHO WAS ARE YOU CARRYING

NEW

EVEREADY

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

Now last 93% longer!

Packs Enough Energy for 3 400-lb. Bar Bell Lifts!

Can YOU move 400 pounds ? Just [illegible] this one! A few champions strong men can. But the energy in one [illegible] Eveready flashlight battery, properly organized, could perform this feat [illegible] times! Think [illegible] kind of energy when [illegible] flashlights [illegible] ask for Eveready batteries [illegible] each.

● [illegible] got a pepe later to the power-[illegible] when your flashlight exercises these great new Eveready [illegible] For they give you some double the energy that pre-war Eveready batteries gave you. No wonder these are the largest-selling [illegible] ever! No wonder [illegible] can be sure Eveready brand [illegible] and you get the best.

[illegible] registered trademark [illegible] manufactured products of

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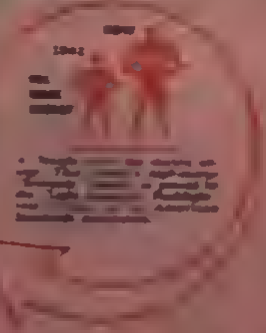
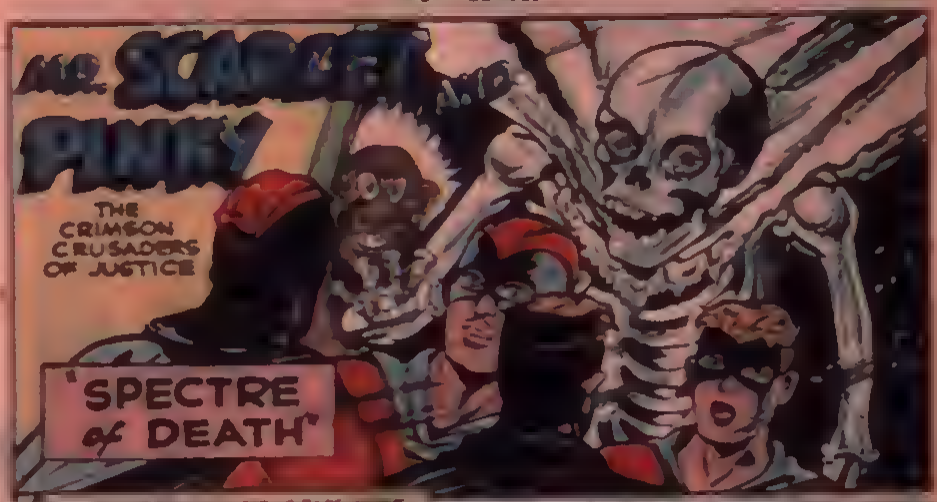
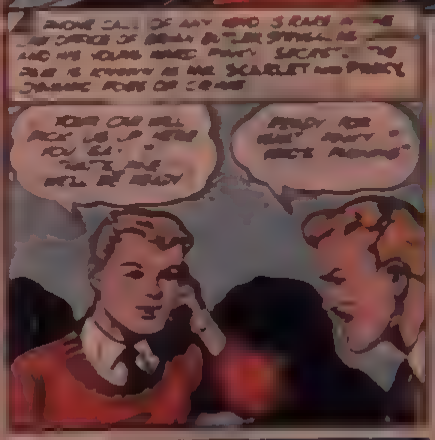
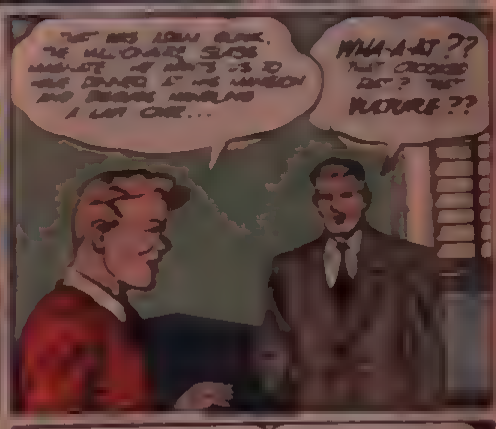
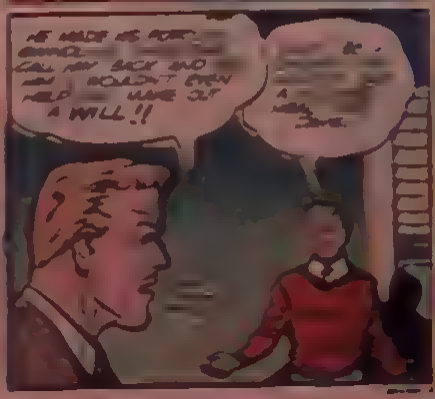
[illegible] and Carbon [illegible]




MR. SCARLET AND PINKY
THE CRIMSON CRUSADERS OF JUSTICE
"SPECTRE of DEATH"


YOUR CALL WILL BRING US UP HERE YOU SAY ? WELL, WHAT WILL BE YOUR


WHAT WAS LEON BLAKE, THE MILLIONAIRE SILVER MANUFACTURER, DOING IN THE HARBOR AND BEGGING HELP AT THE WINDOW OF A LIFT ONE...
WHA-A-AT ?? THAT CROOKED BOY ? THAT VILLAIN ??


HE MADE HIS FORTUNE CHEATING HIS CALL MY SICK AND HE WOULDN'T EVEN HELP ME HAVE OF A WILL !!

BOY

A SHORT TIME LATER
THERE'S GANG CAR NOW SIDE TO SIDE OF PETE'S AS BANKS, BANDITS ALSO IN THE TWO DRIVERS
MUST BE A PRETTY WRONG
ANY IDEA WHAT BANK HAS THE MOST FOR US TO GET?
NOT AT ALL SURE, HE SCANNED PHOTOS OF HOWARD
SURE CERTAINLY NOTICED A MOTOR VAN FOR US HARBOR!
OK! HE HAS MANY BANKS AND THE RACE IS ALL TO REACH!!
CURSORILY...
WHAT IN ANOTHER CAR, RACING DOWN THE ROAD!
LOOK, OUT! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!
YOU GO, GO, GO, WE'LL CRASH!
LOOK OUT FOR THE OTHER BANK
WAAA! WE'VE GONE OVER!!
PINKY, ARE YOU HURT?
JUST SHAKEN! HE PETE AND THE CRASHER ARE KNOCKED COLD

BEING ALIVE IS A MIRACLE! YOU SAVED US BY TURNING THE CAR NOSE DOWN SO WE WOULDN'T ROLL OVER, BRAM!
SOMEBODY WANT TO KILL US, THEY DO. LIBERTY CROSSED US OVER THE BRIDGE!
BRAAAAH-HA-HA! RUSTWELL, ARMY SCOUT AND GUARD WHO HAS KEPT HIS PROMISE TO KILL YOU!
BRAM..?
-SLAIN
WHAT'S THIS SLANG WHO CLAIM?
SOME MARIAN WHO THINKS HE KILLED SLINK! A SCARLET AND PINKY CAN SAVE HIM.
BRAM AND PINKY JUMP IN A QUICK CHANGE--EMERGE AS MR. SCARLET AND PINKY!
HA-HA-A! I PROMISED TO KILL SLINK AND I--HUH?
BUT CHANGE FOOLS THE KILLER..
GOT YOU!!
WHERE'S YOUR CRAZING PINKY? HE GOT LOOSE!
AFTER HIM--QUICK!
THERE HE GOES! TACKLE HIM!
GOT HIM... OOOOFF!
CRASH!

A MIRROR!
THEY'RE NEVER RUN THE ROAD OF REVOLUTION OF OUR
WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY BATES AND THE CRIPPLE TO BLAKES
BUT WE'LL MEET THAT BLAKES KING BAT AGAIN
AFTER RAPIDLY SPITTOONS CHEPLIER
NOW... WE CAN'T DO A MIRROR PLAN! BUT WE CAN'T DISCUSS UNTIL BATES RECOVERS
WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED ME FOR
YOU CAN CLEAN UP A BIT
WHAT'S THAT?
THAT SCOTSMAN CALLS ME SCARLET AND PINKY!
MAYBE "THE" BLAKES KING IS TRYING ANOTHER LOOKING GLASS TRICK!
THE BRIGANDS DO NOT DIE EASILY YOU
LOOK...

HOW THE BLOODY'S BRIM OUT AWAY AND A MIRROR SO THAT IS THE APPLICATION MAKES IT LOOK SOUND ! BLOOM FULL AWAY THROUGH
THE BLOOD-GUARD GUARD HOUSE ! THE BLOOD-GUARD HOUSE !
AH, SCROUT ! ! DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT KNOW, BUT YOU'RE OUT TO LOSE ME ! WATCH OVER MY EVERY MOVE ! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE . .
HELL, TRY TO BEAT THE ALARM !
WE GOT TO BEAT BEFORE ! TELL BARNEY, STAND GUARD HERE ! DON'T LEAVE MY DOOR, FOR A MOMENT ! !
TELL HIM, HE'S A GUARD !
AH, THE FOOLS ! LET THEM GUARD MY DOOR ! THEY'LL BE PERFECT ALIBI WHILE I ENTER THE LAB ! STARTED . .
BUT I THINK THE GUARD, ARMS IS AFTER ME ! HURRY, BEFORE DARK, THEY'LL THINK I'VE BEEN KILLED BY ANOTHER ! ! I HAVE AN ALIBI !
THE BLOOD-GUARD GUARD WHERE RIGHT MOTHER ! ! ! HE BEATS TO CHASE ME DOWN THIS HILL ! ! ALL BACK UNDER IT - IS RIGHT ! !
THERE HE IS ! ! I'LL RUN HOME AND WATCH HIM ALONG THE HALL WITH CHASE ME - AND LOSE HIS TRAIL ! !
AHEM ! !

HOT DOG, BUD! BACK AND... AAAAHH!!
SOME GOOD GUESS WORK, BUT...!!
GIVE ME SOME ELBOW ROOM, SCALP-OUT LIKE A LAMP!!
THANK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, MATE!
A BOY! IT'S LUCK CHARLEY!
SURE AS HEY! TALKING ABOUT BREAKS AGAINST CRIMINALS, BUT PLENTY AGAINST HIM WHEN IT HAVE IT YOU!
SLICK BOY! FOR WHAT PURPOSE WAS YOU SUPPLY TO JOE HIS AN ALIBI. WHAT DOES HE HAVE AGAINST YOU?
I LEARNED OF A CRACKING GOOD DEAL HE PULLED AND THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME!
HE TRIED TO KILL YOU ON THE TRAIL TONIGHT... AND THEN SHOUTED ABOUT KILLING SLICK WHEN HE SAW THE CAR WASN'T WRECKED!!
I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE
BOOK OUT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!!
CRIMINY, DON'T THINK THERE'S A TRAP IN ME AND!
BY HIS MAGIC GUESS ROBERTS HIS OWN DOOM "ALL"
YIIIIIII!
LATER
THE POLICE ARE HERE! IT'S TIME FOR US TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE!!
HOT DOG! I WAS FRAMED FOR MURDER, AND I'M GOING TO... GET LAID!!

BOY SCOUT BOB
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOB? WHY ARE YOU SO DOWNHEARTED?
I WANTED TO PRACTICE MAKING MY BOY SCOUT KNOTS, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY ROPE.
YOU DON'T NEED ROPE! YOU CAN PRACTICE SOME-THING ELSE IN THE HOUSE YOU COULD USE AS A SUB-STITUTE.
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, POP! I'LL GO LOOK FOR SOMETHING RIGHT NOW!
IN A FEW MINUTES
WELL, BOB! DID YOU FIND SOMETHING TO PRACTICE YOUR KNOTS ON?
YES, POP---
--- YOWAH TIED!
MUSCLE HEAD
HIT AND RUN
THE REASON YOU FELLOWS LOSE ALL YOUR GAMES IS BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HIT.
GO OUT THERE AND PITCH ONE TO ME. I'LL SHOW YOU FELLOWS HOW YOU SHOULD HIT!
NOW JUST WATCH ME!
HA, HA! YOU MISSED THE BALL COMPLETELY!
SWAT!
SEE... THAT'S THE WAY YOU FELLOWS HAVE BEEN DOING IT. NOW GET UP AND TRY TO HIT THE RIGHT WAY!

MURDER ON DISPLAY

A "Penny Graves" Adventure

By DICK KRAUS

Penny looked at the art
It was considered abstract
But by chance
A second glance
Revealed a villainous heart!

PENNY GRAVES PARKED her little coupe and hurried up the gleaming white marble steps of the Ocean City Art Museum. Just inside the vaulted entrance, she spied a uniformed attendant.

"Could you tell me where the mayor's party is?" Penny asked. "I'm supposed to join them on a tour of the museum."

The guard pointed down the hallway. "They're in Curator Bonner's office, Miss."

"Thank you."

Penny's heels echoed down the corridor as she almost ran toward the museum director's office. Chief of Police Ben Morgan had asked her along for this special tour of Ocean City's new museum—and she was late as usual!

As the girl detective entered the office, Morgan rose, hand outstretched.

"Hello, Penny! I want you to meet these gentlemen."

He introduced her to the mayor and several other city officials. Then the genial Police Commissioner nodded toward a short man with a dark moustache.

"This is Mr. Paris, museum Curator."

"How do you do," Penny smiled.

And Marc Darrell Morgan [illegible] toward a tall, slender man, with graying [illegible].

"Not Marc Darrell, the sculptor?" Penny gasped.

"The same," Darrell replied. "Mr. Bonner has been kind enough to include several of my works in the opening exhibition of the museum."

Ben Morgan scratched his head. "Which reminds me, everybody [illegible] where Curator Bonner is? We're supposed to have met here at three o'clock, [illegible]."

Penny Graves looked around the [illegible]. Ben Morgan [illegible] the mayor, Marc Darrell, [illegible] blank. Finally the [illegible] spoke up.

"[illegible] Mr. Bonner said he would be here at three, but possibly he's been delayed. Would you like me to begin to take you around the museum?"

"That's a good idea," the mayor said. "He'll probably show up to soon to we begin."

SLOWLY, the party moved out into the corridor. Penny was fascinated by the complex, yet queerly elegant, structure of the new museum, by the wealth of outstanding art that was hanging on its walls.

"Where did the museum get most of the paintings and sculpture, Mr. Paris?" she asked the dark museum expert.

"Most of them, the Marc Darrell's work, were purchased by the museum directors recently," he asked. "Others were contributed by private Ocean City collectors."

Above Penny's head an arched doorway was engraved with the words "Flaming Wing."

Paris indicated the sign, saying, "We have some of our finest pieces in here, particularly two immensely valuable Rembrandts. Would you like to see them?"

There was a chorus of assents. Paris opened the door and switched on the light.

"These two Rembrandts are estimated to be worth seventy-five to a hundred thousand apiece," he began. "We were particularly—"

THEY STARED at his face. It was ashen white, the eyes staring, the lips still framing the words, "We were particularly!"

He broke off short. "But that's impossible," he shouted. "They can't be missing!"

Slowly Penny followed [illegible] gaze to the wall. There were two huge, empty frames [illegible] a thin, ragged edge of canvas to indicate where the paintings had been.

"Stolen!" The words, flat and decisive, came from Marc Darrell. "The two Rembrandts have been [illegible] our and stolen."

"I tell you, it's impossible," Paris almost [illegible]. "The museum's been locked. Aside from the guards, we're the only [illegible] who've been in all day. And those paintings were there this morning!"

"We're the only people. Penny said [illegible] except for Curator Charles Bonner. And where is he?"

A dead silence fell over the room, to

Please turn to next page)

Penny's gaze flitted from man to man. Paris was agitated. Marc Durrell as silent and stern as a piece of sculpture.

Then came the answer to Penny's question.

"I'm afraid you're wrong, Penny." Ben Morgan stood beside a dark recess in the side of the room, holding aside a velvet curtain. "Bonner didn't take those Rembrandts. You see—here he is!"

With a half-stifled sob, Penny Graves sprang forward, to see a crumpled figure lying in the alcove, hair hidden by the curtain.

"His head was smashed in," Morgan announced grimly. "He probably surprised whoever was taking the paintings—and was killed!"

Morgan's voice cut like a knife.

"Mayor, I think it will be best if we all meet in Bonner's office—right now! I'll call for the curator, and for my men to make a complete search of the building. If we can find those paintings, they may lead us to the killer!"

THREE HOURS LATER, the Chief of Police shrugged his shoulders, discouraged.

"Gosh, Penny, those confounded Rembrandts just don't seem to be in the building at all. My men have searched every nook and cranny."

"Chief, what's that thing hanging in the center of the room?" Penny asked.

Ben Morgan looked up. Penny was pointing at a strange collection of objects, glass and metal, which hung from a slightly turning wire in the center of the room.

"Oh, that!" he groaned. "That's some new-fangled kind of sculpture—known as a mobile. I think your friend Marc Durrell did it."

"Oh!"

Penny walked slowly up to the object.

"Is it supposed to keep moving like this?" she asked.

"Yes. That's why they call it a mobile," Morgan answered. "Slightest touch of air keeps it moving. But why bother me with that, when—"

"Call them all in, Chief!" Penny exclaimed. "I think—I think I know who did it!"

"What-at?" Morgan's eyes popped. "Have you gone crazy, Penny?"

"No Chief. Call them in—right now!"

IT WAS A mystified chief of police who summoned the others into the sculpture hall. And the men, whose they were, betrayed various degrees of irritation and nervousness—with only Marc Durrell and the mayor remaining calm.

"What's this all about?" the mayor began. "Can't—"

"Please, sir," Penny cut in. "I think I have the answer!"

Her gaze canted, ice-like, on the tall sculptor.

"You're a good sculptor, Mr. Durrell," she said. "But a punk criminal! When did you decide to steal the Rembrandts?"

Durrell's face blanched.

"You— don't be ridiculous. You can't prove—"

"Oh, no? Early this afternoon you came to the museum, on the pretext of wanting to see how your sculptures were set up. You slipped into the Flemish Wing, and began to cut the paintings out with a razor. Charles Bonner heard you, and came in. You—"

With a muffled exclamation, the tall sculptor whirled about and lunged toward the doorway. But simultaneously a husky policeman blocked it, and a second pinioned Durrell's arms behind him.

"Penny, Penny!" Morgan shook his head. "How did you know?"

"I wasn't sure," the auburn-haired girl detective smiled. "But once I found where the paintings were, it was easy!"

"You found the paintings." Paris broke in. "But where?"

Penny indicated the hanging mobile in the center of the room.

"That sculpture, whatever you call it—it's supposed to keep moving, isn't it?"

"But yes. It's a mobile!"

Penny nodded. "So Chief Morgan told me. But when I watched it, I saw that one part of it wasn't moving. The reason was—something inside it weighed it down."

She crossed the room, took down a long cylinder-like section of the sculpture. Her fingers fumbled at the end of it for a moment, and then she drew out a [illegible] folded canvas.

"There are your Rembrandts, Mr. Paris—just where Durrell had them. He thought they wouldn't be found, and that when the exhibition was over, he'd be able to withdraw his works—with their increased value."

THE MAYOR of Ocean [illegible] shook his head slowly.

"And you figured out all [illegible] Penny just because one part of the mobile wasn't moving. Morgan, I [illegible] and [illegible] work."

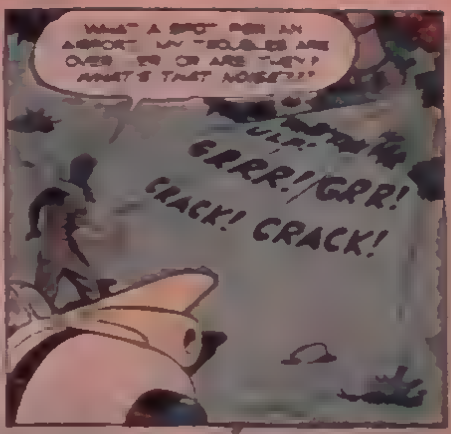
Penny smiled.

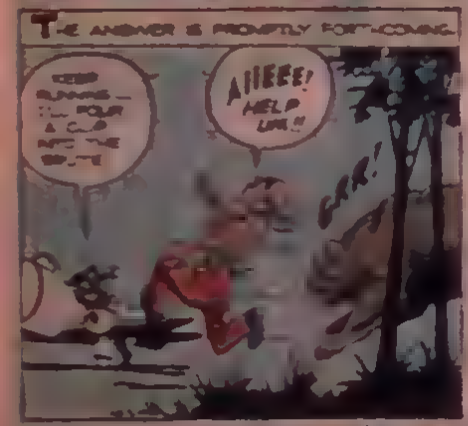
"[illegible] was really Marc Durrell's [illegible] Mr. He did [illegible] good a [illegible] That [illegible] piece caught my eye the [illegible] scene [illegible] the room—and I never stopped looking at it!"

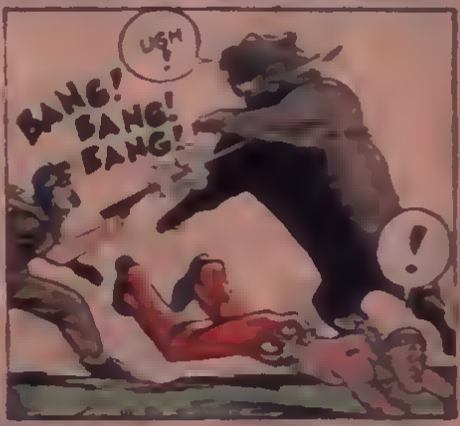
Introducing Captain Tootsie
Tootsie
SAILPLANE

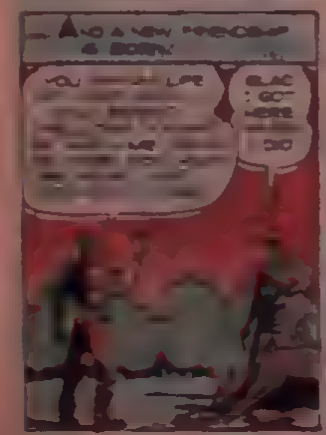
THE PHANTOM EAGLE
MICKEY MALONE, BOY MECHANIC DURING THE WAR AND LED THE PHOENIX SQUADRON AGAINST OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY HAS BEEN APPOINTED GUARDIAN OF THE AIRWAYS IN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES... TO KEEP THE SKYLANES FREE FROM INJURY AND DESTRUCTION AS THE CLEVER PHANTOM EAGLE!
CLAM
THE AIRLINES PHANTOM EAGLE RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT
WE INTEND USING THE NORTH POLE ROUTE FOR FUTURE INTER-HEMISPHERIC TRAVEL WHICH MEANS WE'LL NEED AN ALASKAN AIRPORT ; WANT YOU TO LOCATE THE AREA FOR A WELL SHELTERED SITE WHEN CAN YOU LEAVE?
AT ONCE SIR
LATER... HIGH OVER FROZEN ALASKAN TUNDRAS...
THIS IS GOING TO BE QUITE A JOB MAN. THERE'S THE FAMOUS MUD GLACIER ; LET'S TAKE A LOOK BEYOND IT...
WOW! A TROPICAL PARADISE HERE DOWN THE ARE I'M GOING DOWN THIS ! GOTTA SEE

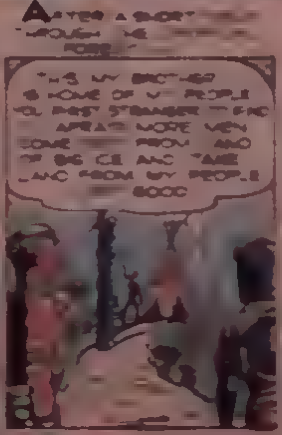
I GET IT! THERE ARE PROBABLY HOT SPRINGS FLOWING UNDERGROUND KEEPING THE ARCTIC FROST FREE AND MOIST... A GEOLOGIC FREAK OF NATURE

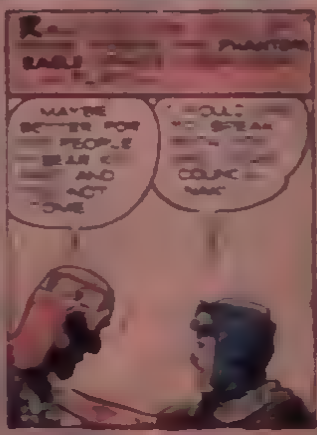

WHAT A SHOT FROM AN ARMORY! MY TROUBLES ARE OVER — OR ARE THEY? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?!!
GRRR!/GRR!
CRACK! CRACK!

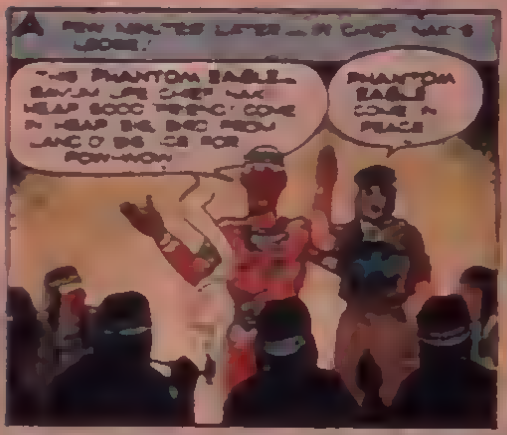

THE ANSWER IS PROMPTLY FORTHCOMING.
KEEP RUNNING — I'LL FOUR A CLIP INTO THE BRUTE
AIIEEE! HELP ME!!
GRR!

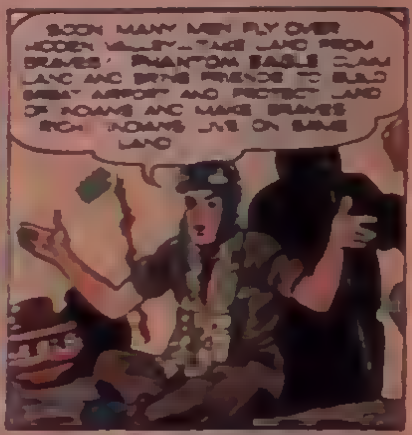

UGH!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
!

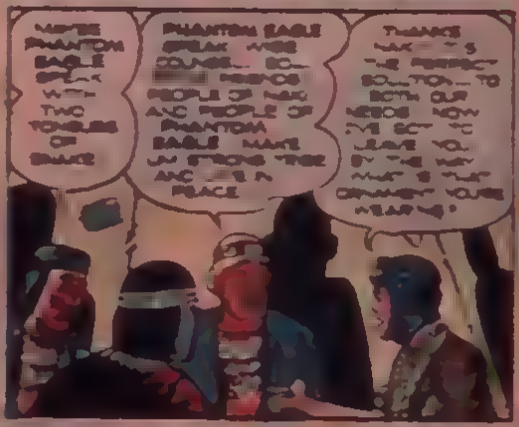

AND A NEW FRIENDSHIP IS BORN!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE
BLAC: GOT HERE TOO


AFTER A SHORT TRIP THROUGH THE FOREST
THIS WAY BROTHER IS HOME OF MY PEOPLE YOU MUST STRANGER TO FIND AFRAID MORE WHEN SOME FROM AND OF BIG CE AND ARE AND FROM MY PEOPLE GOOD

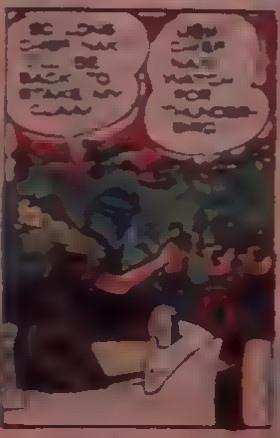

THE PHANTOM
MAYBE BETTER FOR PEOPLE AND NOT COME
COUNC

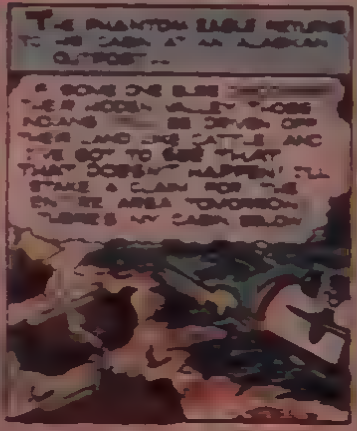

A FEW MINUTES LATER ... IN CHIEF NAK'S LODGE ...
THE PHANTOM EAGLE ... BANYAN ... CHIEF NAK ... HEAR GOOD TIDING! COME IN HEAR THE WORD FROM LAND O' THE SKY FOR NOW-NOW!
PHANTOM EAGLE COME IN PEACE


SOON MANY MEN FLY OVER HIDDEN VALLEY ... TAKE LAND FROM BRAVES ... PHANTOM EAGLE CLAIM LAND AND BRING FRIENDS TO BUILD BIRD AIRPORT AND PROTECT LAND OF NOANS AND MAKE BRAVES RICH ... NOANS LIVE ON SAME LAND


MAYBE PHANTOM EAGLE BRING WITH TWO TROUBLES OF SNAKE
PHANTOM EAGLE BRING WIDE COURSE ... SO HEROES PEOPLE OF NAK AND PEOPLE OF PHANTOM EAGLE HAVE AN STRONG TRIBE AND ... IN PEACE
THANKS NAK ... S THE PERFECT SOLUTION ... TO BOTH OUR NEEDS NOW I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU BY THE WAY ... WHAT'S THAT ORNAMENT YOU'RE WEARING?

CHIEF NAK GRACIOUSLY MAKES THE PHANTOM EAGLE A [redacted] TOKEN STRANGELY CARVED OUT OF PINK ROCK
YOU LIKE ... YOU TAKE PRESENT FROM CHIEF NAK TO PHANTOM EAGLE
OH ... THANKS ...

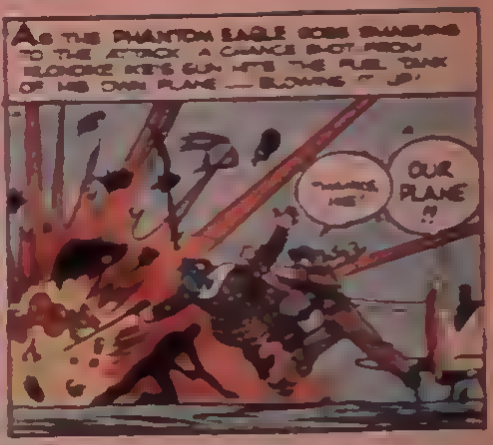

SO ... CHIEF NAK ... BE BACK TO STAKE HIS CLAIM
JOIN CHIEF NAK FOR MATCH FOR TWO-BIRD RACE


T-6 PHANTOM EAGLE RETURNS TO HIS CABIN AT AN ALASKAN OUTPOST ...
A SOME DAYS LATER [redacted] THE HIDDEN VALLEY ... NOANS BE DRIVEN OFF THEIR LAND AND THEIR CATTLE AND THE BOY TO SEE WHAT THEY DOING! WHEN I'LL STAKE A CLAIM FOR THE EN TIRE AREA TOMORROW ... THERE'S MY CABIN BELOW

NAK'S TRIBE MUST BE A LOT OFF-SHOOT OF THE ESQUIMAUX NOANS THAT ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED THE PART OF ALASKA

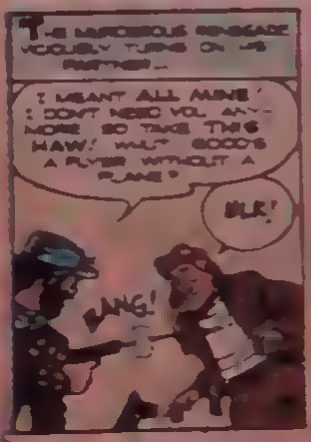
INSIDE HIS CABIN...
I WONDER WHAT THESE "TRACKS" MAC BAYS AS ARE MADE OF? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY ROCK OF THIS PARTICULAR COLOR BEFORE! HMM... I WONDER WHO "MAC" CAN BE... COME IN!
MY NAME IS CLANCY MC... JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE IF I COULD LEND A HAND. BETTY WAS SETTING SAY! WHERE DID THAT PLANE COME FROM?
THERE! THEY HAVE GIVEN ME BY A RIBBON. WHY?
NUTTY NUTTIN AT ALL... JUST MAKING SURE BETTY AIN'T SO... BLOWS OFF SO LONG
MAN ALIVE IS A TOUGH LOOKING CHARACTER... I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS!
AFTER THEY HAVE A HEARTY CABIN
SAW THE ONE WITH HIS OWN EYES! HE'S MADE A RICH SILVER STRIKE UP... FOLLOW HIM IN YOUR PLANE AND JUMP HIS CLAIM WE... CLAIM IS ARE THE SAME!
IT'S A DEAL! I'LL HAVE THE PLANE READY TO TAKE OFF AFTER HIM TOMORROW CLOCKS
THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE EAGLE TAKES OFF TO STAKE HIS CLAIM...
THERE HE GOES. ONCOY, IS IT? OH HIS TRAIL
RICKY!
HERE I AM BACK AND THERE'S HAL DUSTING OFF THE "WELCOME" MAT. NOW TO LAND AND SET MY CLAIM STAKES OUT. I'LL REGISTER IT AT THE LAND OFFICE THIS AFTERNOON
PHANTOM EAGLE BRING PROOF!
NO, HAL. I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE. THE LOOKS BAD. THEY MUST HAVE FOLLOWED ME.
SET YER HANDS UP AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING! SO THAT'S WHERE YA MADE THE SILVER STRIKE EH? WELL STAKING OUR CLAIM RIGHT NOW FOR THE WHOLE VALLEY
SILVER EH? IS IT? SO THAT'S IT
?

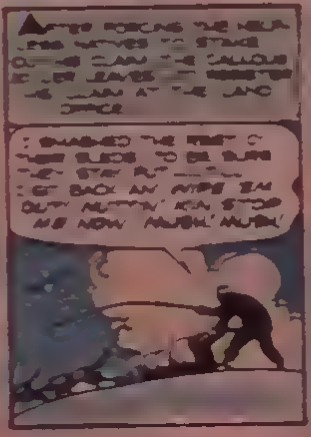
THERE IT BURNS HIS FUEL TANK! AND THERE GOES ANY CHANCES OF HIS GETTIN' AWAY — HE'S STAYIN' HERE FOR KEEPS!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM TAKING MATT'S LAND AND NOW'S MY ONLY CHANCE
SURE THING KLOOKIE

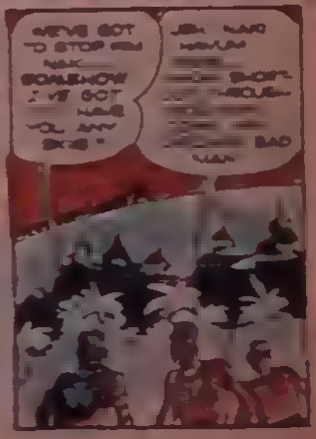

AS THE PHANTOM EAGLE GOES DIVEBOMB TO THE ATTACK A CHANCE SHOT FROM KLOOKIE KID'S GUN HITS THE FUEL TANK OF HIS OWN PLANE — BLOWING IT UP!
THANKS KID!
OUR PLANE?!

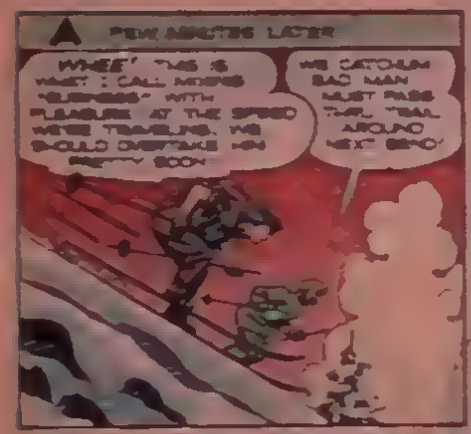
TAKE THIS, BLAST YA! IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE PUNCH TER ST THE BEST O' KLOOKIE KID!
ATTA BOY KLOOKIE
BOO!
UGH!

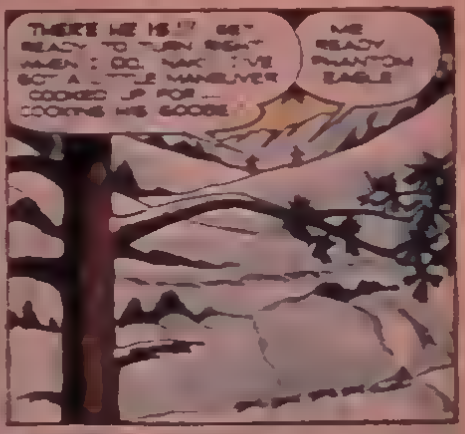
NOW WE'RE GONNA PUT THIS GUY AND THE HEATHENS TER WORK—STAKING MY CLAIM! HAW! THIS VALLEY IS WORTH A FORTUNE AND IT'S GOING TO BE MINE— ALL MINE!
WAIT A MINUTE— YOU MEAN OURS!

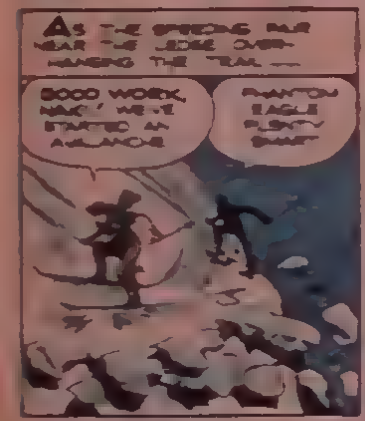

THE MURDEROUS RENEGADE VICIOUSLY TURNS ON HIS PARTNER—
I MEANT ALL MINE! I DON'T NEED YOU ANY-MORE, SO TAKE THIS HAW! WHAT GOOD'S A FLYER WITHOUT A PLANE?
BLK!
BANG!


AFTER FORCING THE NEUTRAL NATIVES TO STAKE OUT HIS CLAIM THE CALLOUS KILLER LEAVES A WARNING AND LEAPS AT THE LAND OFFICE
I SWORE THE FIRST O' THEM BLEEDS TO BE SURE THEY STAY PUT— I'LL GET BACK AN' WIPE 'EM OUT! NUTTIN' KIN STOP ME NOW! MUHH! MUHH!


WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM MAK SOMEHOW! I'VE GOT MAKE YOU ANY SIGN?
UGH. MAK HAVUM [illegible] SHOOT [illegible] BAD MAN


A FEW MINUTES LATER
WHEE! THIS IS WHAT I CALL MUSH! "SLEIGHING" WITH PLEASURE AT THE SPEED WE'RE TRAVELING. WE SHOULD OVERTAKE HIM PRETTY SOON
HIS CATCHUM BAD MAN MUST PASS THIS TRAIL SOMEWHERE AROUND NEXT BEND!


THERE HE IS!! HE'S READY TO TURN RIGHT AROUND AND SHOOT! WELL, MAK! I'VE GOT A LITTLE MANEUVER COOKED UP FOR COOKING HIS GOOSE
ME READY PHANTOM EAGLE


AS THE SPEEDING SLED NEAR THE LEDGE OVER-HANGING THE TRAIL —
GOOD WORK, MAK! WE'VE STARTED AN AVALANCHE
PHANTOM EAGLE FLIGHTY SWIFT

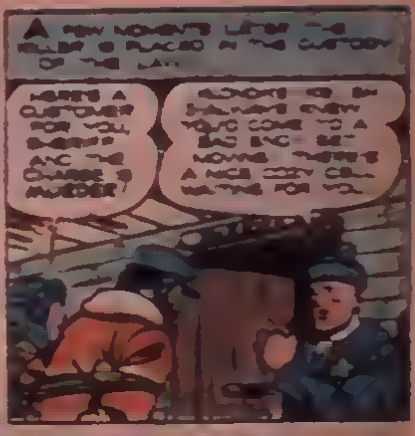
AIEEE !!
—WE—

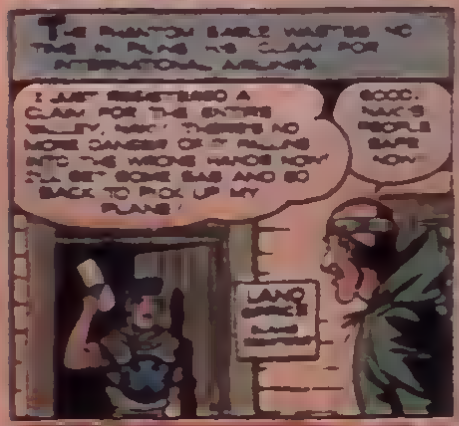
PHANTOM EAGLE ???
THE SAME! AND HOPING TO SAVE YOU THE PAINFUL FATE YOUR KIND NEEDS SO BADLY!

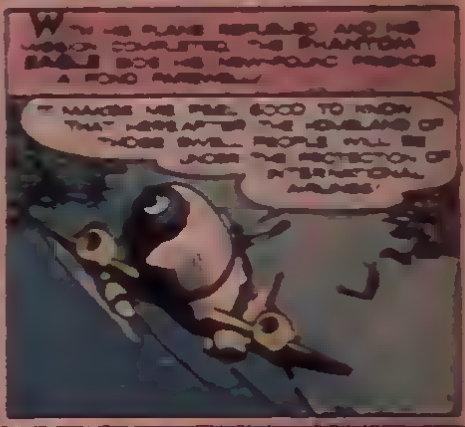
YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT A GUN IN YOUR HAND ARE YOU!
EEK!

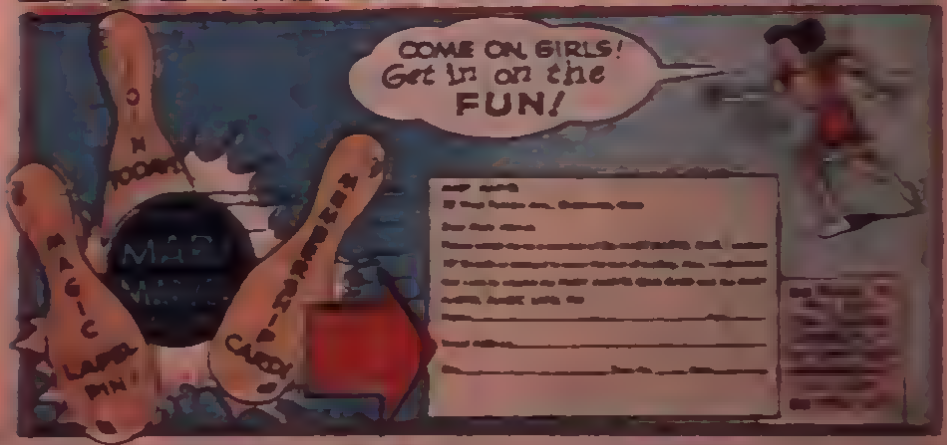
MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS YOU UNCONSCIONABLE TREACHEROUS RAT
PHANTOM EAGLE AND A POWERFUL FRIEND OF WHO'S PEOPLE
OOF!

WHY SUPPOSE FELLOW YOU'VE TAKE LAND OF MY PEOPLE? HIM WANT TO HAVE APPORT, TOO?
NO, NAO! HE SAW THOSE TRINKETS THAT YOU GAVE ME! DISCOVERED THEY WERE MADE OF SILVER ORE! HE WANTED TO FIND THE SILVER MINE! BUT WHEN HE SAW THE HIDDEN VALLEY HE REALIZED ITS ENORMOUS VALUE AND HE WENT MAD WITH GREED!
HOME LATER


A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE KILLER IS PLACED IN THE CUSTODY OF THE LAW.
HERE'S A CUSTOMER FOR YOU, SHERIFF! HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER!
ALRIGHT, SO I'M A MURDERER! NOW THAT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE, THERE'S A NICE LITTLE CELL WAITING FOR YOU, TOO!


THE PHANTOM EAGLE WASTES NO TIME IN FILING HIS CLAIM FOR INTERNATIONAL ARCHIVES
I JUST REGISTERED A CLAIM FOR THE ENTIRE VALLEY, NAO! THERE'S NO MORE DANGER OF ITS FALLING INTO THE WRONG HANDS NOW! I'LL GET SOME GAS AND GO BACK TO PICK UP MY PLANE!
GOOD! NAO'S PEOPLE ARE SAFE NOW!
LAND FOR SALE


WITH HIS PLANE REPAIRED AND HIS MISSION COMPLETED, THE PHANTOM EAGLE BIDS HIS NEWFOUND FRIENDS A FOND FAREWELL.
IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO KNOW THAT HERE AFTER THE HOARDS OF THOSE EVIL PEOPLE WILL BE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF INTERNATIONAL ARCHIVES!


COME ON, GIRLS! Get in on the FUN!
ONE HOOP!
MAGIC LANE PIN!
CARD!

FELLOWS!

this is too good to miss

PHOTOGRAPHY

RADIO

TELEVISION

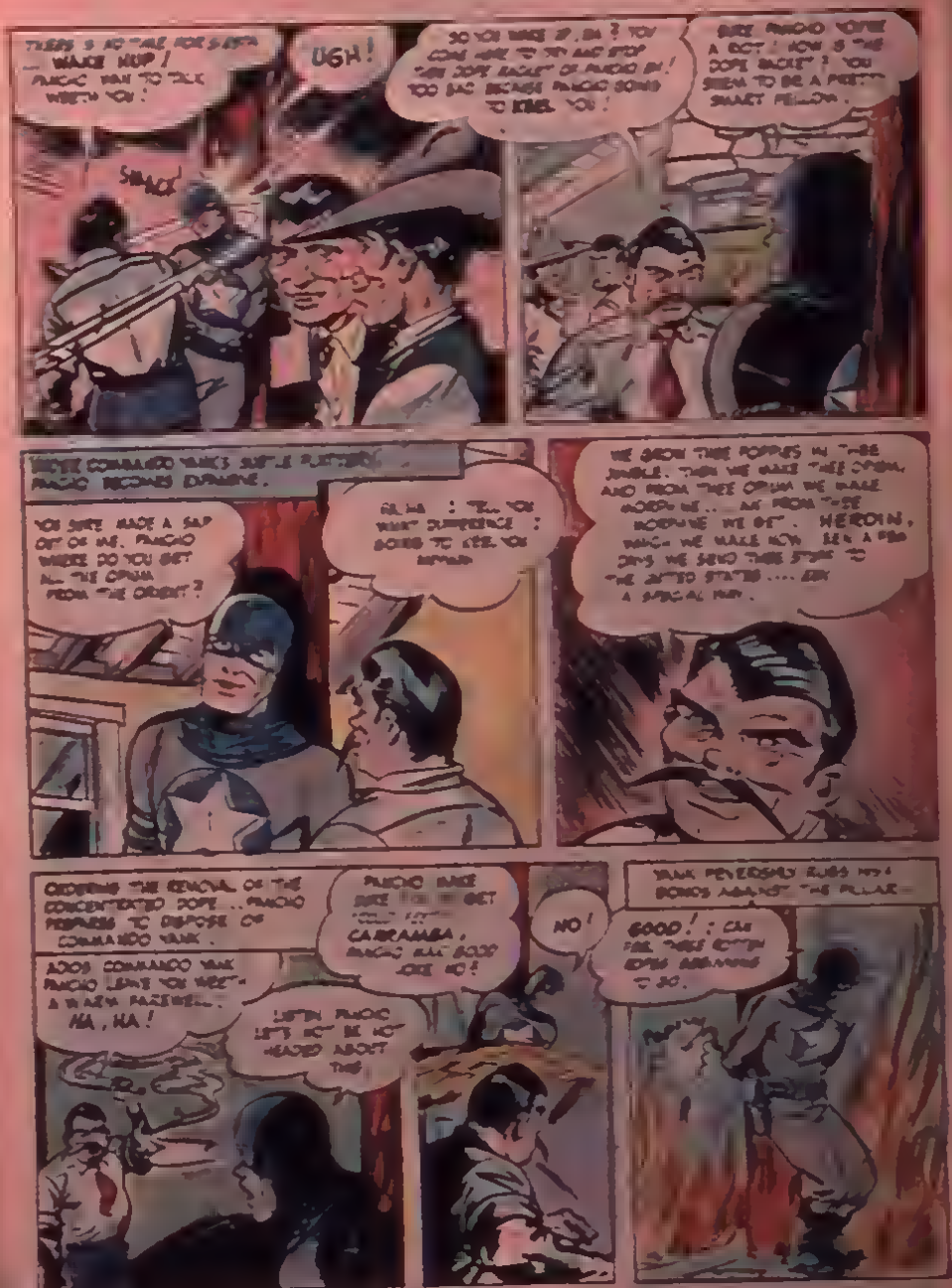
HELP! HELP! I JUST BEEN ROBBED
SAY THIS SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD CASE FOR ME! GET DE'S THE WORLD
THAT'S JUST ONE MARKS DIFFERENCE AND YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A MAN
HOW ABOUT ME TAKING ME ON THE CASE? I CATCH THE CROOK FOR YOU
I'M GOING TO CALL THE
EVERYBODY SAW HE WAS THE BOSS

BUT THE NEWSBOY STREET CROOK HAS HEARD IT ALL—
IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THAT DETECTIVE BADGE, STILL MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR ME.
CLOUT!
I'VE GOT THE BADGE! NOW TO SCRAM!
MEANWHILE
—WHEE, THIS GOOD NOW I CAN LOOK FOR AN CHOO!
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IF YOU'D LOOK FOR YOUR BRAIN.
LOOK, PLUB DUB, THERE'S AN CHOO NOW! I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING HIM!
IF YOU WEREN'T UNCONSCIOUS, YOU'D SEE THAT HE IS UNCONSCIOUS!
WHAT HAPPENED TO CHOO?
SUDDENLY I FELT SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD— MUST HAVE DROPPED BADGE WHEN PAINTED!
YOU TWO GUYS GAVE ME A HEADACHE. THERE'S THE CROOK WHO STOLE THE BADGE!
HEY! COME BACK WITH MY BADGE

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THIS IS MY BADGE I'M A DETECTIVE, TOO
WHAT A COINCIDENCE! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE MY BADGE
YOU LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT AND THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE!
IT'S LOOK IN SEWER. WAYNE BADGE FELL IN THERE
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA AH CHOO
IT'S PRETTY DARK DOWN HERE
STOP COMPLAINING. YOU'RE IN THE DARK ALL THE TIME
MEANWHILE JUST UP AHEAD
BUT HERE COMES A BETTER DE THE LOOT
THAT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD HIDING PLACE!
SUCH SOMEONE MUST TO THROW GARBAGE
BASEBALL
CONK!

MEANWHILE ABOVE
YOU LOOK LIKE THE CROOK WHO ROBBED THE JEWELRY STORE
ME A CROOK?
--DON'T BE DUMB I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE
OH, EXCUSE ME
AND AS THE COP WALKS AWAY
I KNEW THAT SHOVE WOULD COME IN HANDY HOW TO GET THOSE JEWELS AND GET OUT OF HERE
I'D LIKE TO SHAKE YOU THAT HAND BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SHAKE HANDS
--AND THAT REMINDS ME I'M THE CROOK I'M SUPPOSED TO HOLD ON TO!
LOOK THERE'S THE CROOK
BUT HE'S A BREAK
BECAUSE BECAUSE AND BUT BUT HE'S THE DOPE AS FAR AS CONCERNED

DEATH
RIDES A SWALLOW!


THERE'S NO TALE FOR SUCH A FOOL — WAKE UP! PANCHO WANTS TO TALK WITH YOU!
SMACK
UGH!
SO YOU WAKE UP, EH? YOU COME HERE TO TRY AND STEAL "THE DOPE RACKET" OF PANCHO EH! TOO BAD BECAUSE PANCHO GOING TO KILL YOU!
SURE PANCHO YOU'RE A BOY! HOW IS "THE DOPE RACKET"? YOU SEEM TO BE A PRETTY SMART FELLOW.
WHILE COMMANDO YANK'S SUBTLE FLATTERY PANCHO BECOMES EXPANSIVE.
YOU SURE MADE A SAP OUT OF ME. PANCHO WHERE DO YOU GET ALL THE OPIUM FROM THE ORIENT?
HA HA! TELL YOU WHAT DIFFERENCE! GOING TO KILL YOU ANYWAY
WE GROW THEE POPPIES IN THEE JUNGLE. THEN WE MAKE THEE OPIUM AND FROM THEE OPIUM WE MAKE MORPHINE... AH FROM THEE MORPHINE WE GET. HEROIN, PANCHO WE MAKE NOW SEE A PIG DAYS WE SEND THEE STUFF TO THE UNITED STATES.... EEH A SPECIAL WAY.
ORDERING THE REMOVAL OF THE CONCENTRATED DOPE... PANCHO PREPARES TO DISPOSE OF COMMANDO YANK.
PANCHO MAKE SURE YOU GET ... CARAMBA, PANCHO ALL GOOD LOOK NO!
NO!
YANK FEVERISHLY RUBS HIS HANDS AGAINST THE PILLAR.
GOOD! CAN SEE THEE COPPER EDGE BEGINNING TO GO.
ADIOS COMMANDO YANK PANCHO LEAVE YOU WET A WARM FAREWELL... HA, HA!
LISTEN PANCHO LET'S BE NOT HEADED ABOUT THE

AS THE BURLY COMMANDO TANK STRAINS AT HIS BONDS WITH BULGING MUSCLES . . . THE ROPES SUDDENLY SNAP !
THAT'S THAT ! NOW I BETTER MAKE WITH THE FIST . . . BUT FAST . . . BEFORE THIS DUMP COMES CRUMBLING DOWN !
CRASH!
WHEW ! THAT WAS CLOSE ! SHOULD HAVE GONE INTO A NICE SAFE BUSINESS - LIKE LION-TAMING OR SOMETHING .
NO USE TRYING TO TRACK PANCHO AND HIS GANG OF CUT-THROATS IN THE DARK ! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE IN THIS JUNGLE - HEAD BACK TO MY HOTEL .
A FEW DAYS LATER, WE FIND CHASE VALE. ALAN COMMANDO TANK HAS THE WORK OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURE STILL IN ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS .
CONDITIONS HERE SEEM EXCEPTIONALLY WELL SUITED FOR THE NETWORK. I'LL GIVE THE VISION A QUICK CHECK FOR TELEVISION APPEAL. NOT BAD .
SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYES MAKE OUT SOME FIGURES IN THE DISTANCE . . . ARMED MEN .
THERE'S SOMETHING VAGUELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THOSE GUYS . THEY SEEM TO BE STRUGGLING A BIT !
THEY SEEM TO BE BEATING SOME BIRDS . . . HEY, ONE OF THOSE GUYS IS PANCHO !
THE CHANGE TO COMMANDO TANK IS INSTANTLY MADE !
IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD MEET'N PANCHO AGAIN . HE OFFERS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL TARGET . . . I'LL TAKE A LAST LOOK WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO ?

KEEL HEEM!
KEEL HEEM!
AAAEEEEE!
OOPS!
STRIKE!
AAAARRGHH!

A... RIGHT, YOU GUYS ! ON YOUR FEET ! YOU'RE GOING ON A LITTLE HIKE... INSPIRATION, THIS CLIMB !
YOU CATCH PLUCKO BUT YOU DON'T STOP PLUCKO FROM SAVING THEM ! DOWN TO YOUR COUNTRY ! THEY'LL BOTH HANG, DELIVER BUT REVENGE FEAR !
YOU DOWNS ARE THROUGH ! WITH THE DOG'S EXCEPT BEST BEHAVING . AND DON'T TRY PULLING ANYTHING UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR SHOULD VENTILATED !
DO NOT SHOOT .. WE DO WHAT YOU SAY .
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LOCAL POLICE TAKE OVER !
GOOD WORK ! WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM FOR A LONG TIME .
SUDDENLY COMMANDO VAN MAKES A SPECTACULAR DEDUCTION . .
HERE ! SOME AN HERE FOR YOU CAPTAIN ! A COMPLETE DOWNING PLUCKO HERE, AS HOW DOES YOU TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ! HERE'S YOU, PLUCKO !
SIR, DO NOT ASSIST ME AGAIN, COMMANDO VAN. I TALK !
WELL... JUST TO BALANCE THINGS UP..... KEEP THEM IN THE CLINK FOR A LONGER TIME !
WOW ! HOW DOES HER CLIMB SWALLOWS AND THE WORLD NORTH ! WE GOT A HERO BUT WHAT'S BEHIND ! WE GOT TO GET TO A PLANE AT ONCE .
IT'S THE RIGHT TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE SWALLOWS TO MIGRATE, MEANS GOT A HERO ! LOOK JUST WHERE THEY'RE HEADING FOR ... ! BUT IF THE AIRPLANES ! CAN GET THERE ANY OF THEM
CALIFORNIA ... HERE I COME

HOURS LATER....
THAT'S CAPISTRANO DOWN THERE... I'LL LAND IN THE FIELD BEHIND IT
OH, IT'S ! COMMANDO YANK -- PLUG HIM!
OICK

I'M SCREAMIN' OUTA HERE! ... NOW!
STICK AROUND - WHY BE INVOLVED!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU THAT CRIME PAYS ON A SHOESTRING!
A FIVE MINUTE JOKE
THIS IS THE PLACE SHARK CARROL WAS!
THAT DOES IT - BETTER CALL THE POLICE PRONTO!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, COMMANDO YANK! HAVE HEAVEN BLESS YOU FOR THIS GOOD DEED!
COMMANDO YANK?!? WHAT'S BOUND ON HERE?
GLAD YOU GOT HERE OFFICER. BOURBON IS A LITTLE SHORT OF DOPE PEDDLERS FOR YOU.
YOU'RE ON THE WRONG COMMANDO! THERE'S NO DOPE ON ANY OF THESE SHIPS.
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON OFFICER - THE 'EVIDENCE' IS ON ITS WAY
AH HERE WE ARE NOW! READY FOR THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? DON'T GET

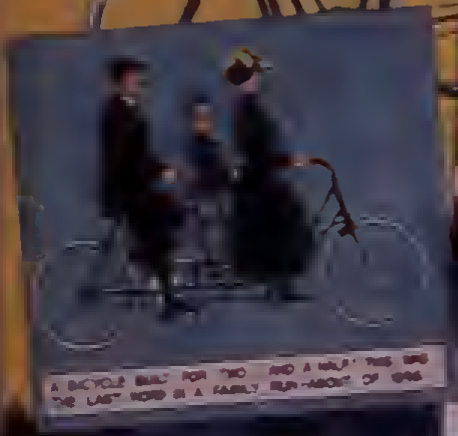
AS THE WORLD KNOWS CAPTAIN SWALLOW WENT FROM THIS LONG HAWAIIAN FLIGHT ... THE WAR OF THE CENTAURI WAS RAGING THEN !
SAM ! GET HOME, PLEASE !
WELL... WHAT DO YA KNOW ... !
THERE ! THE DOOR OF THE HEROIN IS ATTACHED TO EACH SUCH LINER. THE CLEVER SWALLOW WEAVES TO THE SAME MONASTERY IN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA. HE PRECISELY THE SAME TIME EACH YEAR. THE GANG FIGURED THEY WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ONE OF NATURE'S ODDITIES TO SMUGGLE THEIR DOPE !
WHAT WON'T THEM 'CRAZY' ANIMALS DO !
THERE YOU ARE, SCOOP ! I SAID I'M NOT INTERESTED ! WITH THE GOODS ... AND CONSPICUOUSLY THE OTHER SIDE OF THE INTERNATIONAL GANG OF SCOOPSTERS ARE SMUGGLED IS SCOOP TOO !
SO LONG, FOLKS ! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET MY REPORT IN TO WORLD BEFORE HE BEATS A BLOOD VESSEL ... THEN I'LL SEE THE MATTER OF A LITTLE SCOOP ON THIS STORY TO BE TAKEN CARE OF !
OH, THE HELL BACK TO THE NET WORK ... AND WORK !
IF WORLD HAS A HEART IN HIS THICK-SET CARCASS ... HE'D GIVE THAT POOR MAN-HORSE CARGO HALF A BANK !
BACK AT THE CORD OF OFFICE
THERE'S YOUR REPORT MR. WORLD ! THANK YOU. FINE ! IMMORABLE ! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US - I'VE GOT TIME TO GO ON THE AIR !
GAUGHH ! YES YES RIGHT AWAY ! IT ALL BEARS .... I'M ALONE !
ATTENTION PLEASE ! SCOOP ! IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO ME THAT A DRAMATIC SCOOP ONE OF INTERNATIONAL SCOOP HAS BEEN CONCEPTUALLY SMUGGLED BY COMMANDO TRUNK, IN ONE OF THE MOST DARING ... R.M.

SAM SPADE

Snap! Crackle! and Pop!
Crown The Camp Canoe Kings
WE'RE WAY BEHIND, BILL—AND I'M FAGGED OUT!
ME, TOO, JOE. WHOOF—GUESS WE LOSE AGAIN.
HEY, LISTEN! IS THAT WHAT I HOPE IT IS?
WOW! KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES! NO OTHER MAKES THAT NOISE!
SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!
CAN'T KEEP US FROM RICE KRISPIES!
BOY WE'RE REALLY TRAVELLING NOW!
GOSH! LOOKS LIKE JET PROPULSION
COME
AND
GET IT!
NEVER MIND THE DIP—WE WANT A BOWL—
—OF RICE KRISPIES WE'D PADDLE THE ATLANTIC FOR THEM.
SO CRISP THEY CRACKLE OUT LOUD!
IT'S KIDS' FAVORITE RICE CEREAL
KELLOGG'S OF COURSE—THAT'S WHY IT TASTES SO SWELL!
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES

BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE GILLETTE BEAR



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO — AND A HALF! THIS WAS THE LAST WORD IN A FAMILY RUN-ABOUT OF 1896

THE SPORTS HEROES OF THE DAY GOT THEIR 'GLAMOROUS "PANTIES" HUNG ON WHEELS'. THE CHAMPION BIKE RACERS CHEERING CROWDS FOLLOWED THEIR EVERYWHERE!

HEY, BUD, WHERE'S THE TIRE? — BACK IN 1890 "SPEED MANIACS" PEDALING THROUGH TOWN AT THE FEARFUL RATE OF 20 MILES PER HOUR, HAD TO BE KEPT IN CHECK!

ON COMFORT TRIPS OR CITY PAVEMENTS GILLETTE BIKE TIRES OFFER THE MOST IN COMFORT AND SAFETY. CYCLISTS EVERYWHERE KNOW THAT THE GILLETTE TIRE IS A BEAR FOR WEAR.

GILLETTE

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE
DRAMA on the HIGHWAY!
THAT WAS A TIGHT GAME—I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WIN!
YEAH! BUT AFTER YOU DRANK THAT BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA YOUR FIRST BALL BOUNCED RIGHT BACK DOWN!
SAY, DON'T YOU FELLOWS TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT BASEBALL—LOOK AT THAT MOON!
LOOK AT THAT TRUCK HE MUST BE DOING ABOUT 70!
AND LOOK AT THAT ONE—THE COPS MUST BE AFTER HIM!
HEY, LOOK—HIJACKERS!
DON'T STOP R.C. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THERE'S ONLY TWO HIJACKERS—COME ON!
SHHH! THEY'VE GOT GUNS, YOU GALS BETTER STAY HERE AND KEEP DOWN!
I'VE GOT A BALL, QUICKIE. LOOK OUT, I'M GOING TO BEAN ONE OF THEM!
A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IF YOU DO!
?
NICE GOING, FELLOWS! YOU GET HIS GUN AND WELL, SET THESE TWO THINGS TO THE SHERIFF!
AND THESE BOYS SAVED ME, SHERIFF!
NICE WORK, BOYS. YOU DESERVE A REWARD!
HEH, HEH! THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA IS ALL THE REWARD WE WANT!
YOU SAID IT, QUICKIE! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? R.C. DOES TASTE BEST!
ROYAL CROWN COLA